Nightmares M.M by Blobthefish

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Summary:

From that day on, every night that Max slept next to you, you stole her nightmares and presented her with peaceful nights; but, as a price, you re-lived her nightmares. Anything for your girlfriend. Anything.

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Author's Note:

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The tragedy at Starcourt mall unsettled you all, your girlfriend, Max Mayfield, the most out of everyone. She had watched her brother die that day. Stabbed through the chest by a molten-flesh tentacle. You held her as she sobbed over his body. Held her as she begged for him to come back. Billy Hargrove was dead and there was nothing you could do. It had been a few weeks since the battle of Starcourt, but that didn't stop the nightmares from stealing Max's sleep. They swallowed her whole.

One night you woke to the sound of soft tapping on your window. Grumbling, you flung the blankets off of you and walked to the window. You sharply opened your window and looked outside to see soft red hair. Max. Your expression softened when you saw her, standing in the grass, barefoot and only in her pyjamas. "Max." You whispered. "What's- Why- Why're you here? Are you okay?" You asked concerned, sleep husking your voice.

"Can I- Can I sleep with you tonight?" She questioned as she looked up to you with frightened blue eyes. You nodded your head before swiftly making your way to the front door; there was no way you were going to make Max climb up the side of your house, even if it would bring less risk to the two of you being caught, it was dangerous. You carefully unlocked the door and quickly brought her into your arms. No questions were asked, they didn't need to be.

You softly closed the door to your bedroom and turned around to see her already wrapped up in your blankets. You made your way over to her and the bed dipped as you climbed your way onto it. You wrapped your arms around her and she collapsed into them, letting everything come crashing down. You felt your heart break that night, just as Max's heart did. She was in so, so much pain and knowing that you were a place that she could release was comforting; not only to her, but to you as well. You held onto her tight, she cried and cried until she was so exhausted that she had fallen asleep. You kept one

hand secured around her waist and another soothingly stroking her hair.

Her visits became more and more often and you still didn't question her. You could feel it, deep in your bones you could feel that whatever it was she would tell you. In her own time she would come to you and tell you, all you needed was patience.

Finally, that time had come. The two of you were in your bed, holding each other close. "I- I close my eyes and I'm back. Back at Starcourt, and I watch as Billy dies. Over and over again. It never stops Y/N. I try to wake up, but I can't. He won't let me." You could feel hot tears drip onto your arm, but she continued. "He comes for me, after Billy dies. He comes for me, and El can't stop him. The gate never closes and he comes for everyone. He keeps me as- as a prisoner, he wants to hurt me. He makes me watch as he kills you all. One. By. One." She sounds so broken and you feel your heart squeeze in pain.

"He's not here anymore. I'll protect you. I'll protect you, Max. Is there any way I can help? Cause I'll do it." You whispered comfortingly. She rolled around to face you and she placed a soft hand on your cheek.

"Y/N, you already have," she stared into your eyes with adoration and so much love, "when I'm here, with you, they're quieter and they're not as scary. I can actually sleep and it's all because of you." She smiled appreciatively. Max leaned in close and softly kissed your lips. You hummed and kissed her back. "I love you, Y/N. I love you so much." She whispered.

"I love you too." You whispered back as her eyes fluttered closed and a smile on her lips.

You knew it was wrong, to pry through her mind, but you wanted to stop them. Max needed sleep and you knew exactly how to help her. You had grown up, in the lab with, El and Dr Brenner, but had escaped a while before El did. By the time El had escaped you were already accustomed to the outside world, to normal human civilisation. Your specialty was dreams and the human mind. You could look into another's head and see what their thoughts were,

what their memories were, you could even make them forget. You could steal and control and create, but it was all in the human mind. Nothing was real.

You closed your eyes and entered Max's mind. You waited and waited, for the nightmare to come, and as soon as it did you stole it. That night you experienced her nightmare. She was so brave, so very brave. You didn't sleep that night, forever shielding your girlfriend's unconscious mind. You watched as she stirred in her sleep. Eyes still closed, her hands searched for yours to bring them closer.

"Sleep well, Max?" You questioned quietly. She nodded her head and played with your fingers.

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